

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Health, Wealth, Self"

Yeah.. yeah.. yup!  
You know what? I was just downstairs  
and I was on my way up here to the studio and  
a guy bumped into me and  
and he said.. he said, "Yo Kris!  
How is it that you stay in this music?  
You know, this rap music ex-specially for SO.. LONG.. SO.. LONG"  
I said, "Well you know years ago I made a deal with the Goddess"  
He said, "The Goddess?"  
I said, "Well yeah, you might know her as God  
but I know her as the Goddess"  
The universal mother  
The mother of everything you see in existance  
I ax-ked her for assistance  
in lyrical persistance  
and she gave it to me, under one condition  
She said, "I'll give you the gift  
but use the gift to uplift"  
I said, "Okay mom!"

So I tell you the truth, really  
Me nah gon' need nuttin else  
but health, wealth, and knowledge of myself  
Me nah gon' need nuttin else  
but health, wealth, and knowledge of myself

In the beginning was the word, the word was made flesh  
Knowledge K. Reigns R. Supreme S.  
Some of us guess while others of us are blessed  
Take heed to the word, that I manifest  
I manifest the future, the present, followed by the past  
Everything in nature, rules by kickin ass  
What they tellin me, but yo, you a friend to me  
so I'ma tell you the secrets of MC longevity  
Secret one: if it ain't fun, you're done  
And about your career, huh, well choose another one  
If you don't like what you do, you're through  
Lesson two: make sure you got a dope crew  
Not some crew, that's like an anchor on a shoe  
A MAD CREW, that's of some benefit to you  
Lesson three, might be contradictory or funny  
but MC's should have OTHER WAYS of gettin money  
That's to say learn other things beside music  
Make money elsewhere, Hip-Hop you won't abuse it  
Too many MC's, just emcee  
so their longevity, is based on an Uncle Tom  
at the record company  
Lesson four: sell your image, never sell a record  
Image is respected, records come and go  
and get collected

Even the records of platinum artists, that used to rip shop  
can be bought, for a quarter at the thrift shop  
Which brings me to lesson number five, the illusion  
has me thinkin, the minute they drop a record  
they'll be cruisin, in the Acura  
Slow down! You're still a amateur  
What seperates the pro from the amateur is stamina  
Not how long you can rhyme, but how long you've been rhymin  
changin with the times, and findin yourself  
still CLIIIIIIIIIIIMbin for wealth  
Blow for blow, you're still growin, still showin  
(all knowin) now that's a pro at it

Me nah gon' need nuttin else  
but health, wealth, and knowledge of myself  
Me nah gon' need nuttin else  
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Thank you Mother, I'm out

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